The Revolution.

"What therefore God hath joined together, let not man put asunder."

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Poetry.

OUT OF THE DEPTHS.

Thou knowest, Lord, the thousand pitfalls that beset
This thorny path of mine;
Thou knowest all the agonizing—all the strife:
Thou knowest how the golden fruitage of my life
Has turned to bitter wine!

Thou knowest all the heavy days and wakeful nights,
My lightest care and need;
Thou countest every tear that flows adown my cheek;
My God, Thou knowest I am helpless, frail and weak,
As any bruised reed.

Small need to name my grief. Thou knowest all my heart—
A sorely troubled thing!
Oh! Thou who stilled the stormy waves of Galilee,
Speak now thy wondrous "Peace, be still!" to me;
I hear Thee whispering.

E'n now, a calm unspeakable fills all my soul;
I own thy power divine;
Dear Lord, I freely take the bitter, bitter cup;
Yea, to the dregs—the very dregs, I drain it up—
My will is lost in Thine!

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT.

"Give us a song!" the soldier cried,
The outer trenches guarding,
When the heated guns of the camp allied
Grew weary of bombarding.

The dark Redan in silent scoff,
Lay grim and threatening under;
And the tawny mound of the Malakoff
No longer belched its thunder.

There was a pause. The guardsman said:
"We storm the fort to-morrow.
Sing while we may; another day
May bring enough of sorrow."

They lay along the battery side,
Below the smoking cannon—
Brave hearts from Severn and from Clyde
And from the banks of Shannon.

They sang of love and not of fame,
Forgot was Britain's glory;
Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sung "Annie Laurie."

Voice after voice caught up the song,
Until its tender passion,
Rose like an anthem, rich and strong—
Their battle-eve confession.

Dear girl! the name he dare not speak,
Yet as the song grew louder,
Something upon the soldier's cheek
Washed off the stains of powder.

Beyond the darkening ocean burned
The bloody sunset's embers;
While the Crimean's valleys learned
How English love remembers.

And once again a fire of hell
Rained on the Russian quarters;
With scream of shot and burst of shell
And bellowing of mortars.

And Irish Nora's eyes are dim
For a stager dumb and gory;
And English Mary mourns for him
Who sang of "Annie Laurie."

Oh, soldiers, to your honored rest
Your truth and valor bearing,
The brave are the tenderest,
The loving are the daring.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

Miscellany.

WHY ENGLISH WOMEN DESIRE THE FRANCHISE.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

Politicians consider that a subject enters an important phase when it becomes publicly recognised as a "Question." During the last three years the proposal to give votes to women has very distinctly grown into the "Question of Female Suffrage." Few of the most sanguine advocates of the cause would have ventured in 1865 to hope that by the close of 1868 it should stand where it now obviously does in public opinion, or that 49,780 persons should have petitioned in its behalf, and above 6,000 women have actually applied to be placed on the register. The adverse decision of the Court of Common Pleas that "under the law as it now stands women cannot exercise the franchise" was always anticipated, and has merely left the field clear for the open demand that such law shall be changed; the temporary uncertainty of the case having proved very useful in drawing forth the applications for registry of so many female householders and lodgers, and demonstrating the disputed fact that women themselves are in large numbers desirous of the franchise. It may be said that all this goes but a little way towards so considerable a change as the admission of Englishwomen to political rights; but if it be true that "well begun is half done," it is certain that the beginning of the work of obtaining those rights is little short of an earnest of final success. Such stones are not easily stopped when so far set rolling.

The new Reform bill, by lowering the franchise for men, has affected the claims of women in several indirect ways. In the first place, by admitting to the exercise of political judgment a class whose education is confessedly of the narrowest, and whose leisure to study politics is extremely small, it has virtually silenced for all future time the two favorite arguments against the claims of women: that their understandings are weak, and their time too fully occupied by domestic cares. The most strenuous asserter of the mental and moral inferiority of women cannot urge that the majority of the new voters have more power to understand, or more leisure to attend to public affairs than even the secondary class of lady householders; not to speak of such women as Miss Nightingale and Mrs. Somerville, Miss Martineau and Miss Coutts.

Again, by lowering the value of individual votes in the enlarged constituencies, the Reform bill has rendered easier the admission of women, and more offensive the injustice of excluding them.

Lastly, by identifying the duty of rate-paying with the right of voting in the case of men, the Reform bill has made more glaring than before the inconsistency of enforcing rates upon women while refusing to them the avowedly corresponding right.

At the present moment our proper course appears to be this: to form committees in every town in England, for the purpose of directing attention to the subject, and affording information and aid to all friends of the cause. Local petitions, as numerous as possible, will afford the best machinery for carrying on such a plan; not because of their direct influence on the Legislature (which is notoriously incommensurate with the labor of their preparation), but from their convenience as tangible methods of enrolling allies and interesting new associates. Already, in the last Parliament, some seventy-five petitions, with the signatures of nearly 50,000 men and women, were presented. Next year, instead of the monster petition, with 21,783 names, under which Mr. Mill tottered, there must be scores of minor local petitions, under which as many members must be made to groan as possible. The parable of the Unjust Judge will probably not be found inapplicable to a masculine Legislature, when "poor widows" (and also rich ones, and other single women), by their "continual coming," become wearisome. Women are not prepared to break any palings, material or metaphorical, albeit they have been taunted with the indifference they thus betray for their rights; but it is just possible that keeping the peace and signing petitions to Parliament may eventually be thought almost as well to prove their fitness for a voice in the Legislature of their country.

Women are often asked, why they desire the franchise? Have they not everything already which they can possibly desire: personal liberty, the right to hold property, and an amount of courtesy and chivalrous regard which (it is broadly hinted) they would bitterly regret were they to exchange them for equality of political rights? Why should those epicurean gods, who dwell in the serene empyrean of drawing-rooms, descend to meddle with the sordid affairs of humanity? What a pity and a loss it would be to the toiling world, could it never look up and behold afar such a spectacle of repose as a true lady now presents! We can easily dispense with more legislators; but what is the world to do without those mild Belgravian mothers, those innocent young "Girls of the Period," those magnificent *grandes dames* who are the glory of our social life?

Let us briefly answer these questions, once for all. We do not believe that one particle of womanly gentleness and dignity, nay, not even the finest flavor of high-bred grace, will be lost when women are permitted to record their votes

for representatives in Parliament. We consider the fear that it might be so among the idlest of chimeras. What *will* be lost, we are persuaded, will be a little of the frivolity, a little of the habit of expressing opinions without having conscientiously weighed them, a little of the practice of underhand and unworthy persuasion, which have been hitherto faults fostered in women by their position. Women can lose nothing, and have much to gain, by entering a field of nobler interests than has hitherto been opened to them. It was deemed well said of the old Roman, that nothing human was alien to him. It will be well when all women learn to feel that none of the wrongs and sins and sufferings of other women can be alien to *them*. The condition of women of the lower orders is beset with hardships; and it is for the very reason that a lady is freed from those heavy trials, that she should exert every power she possesses or can acquire, first to understand, and then, if possible, to remedy them. How these evils are to be lightened; how the burdens of the poor toilers are to be made less intolerable; how wives are to be protected from brutal husbands, legally empowered to rob them of their earnings: how, above all, the ruin of the hapless thousands of lost ones is to be stopped:—how these things are to be done, may need more wisdom than all the men and women in England together may possess. But it is quite certain that if women had heretofore been represented in Parliament, such evils and wrongs would never have reached, unchecked, their present height, and that whenever women are at last represented, some more earnest efforts will be made to arrest them.

But it is not only for the sake of women of the suffering classes that we seek for female influence on politics; not only for that of happier women whose sphere of usefulness might thereby be enlarged, and their lives supplied with nobler interests. We believe that the recognition of the political rights of women, as it will be a signal act of justice on the part of men, so it will also prove an act beneficial to them no less than to us; and that when a generation has passed after the change, it will be said, by all alike, "What did our fathers mean by forbidding women to have a voice in politics? If it were nothing more, their influence must always be the safest ballast to keep steady the Ship of State."

Finally—to sum up our meaning in the most concise terms we can find—we desire that the political franchise be extended to women of full age possessed of the requisite property qualification, for the following nine reasons:

1 Because the possession of property and the payment of rates being the admitted bases of political rights in England, it is unjust that persons who possess such property, and pay such rates, should be excluded from those rights, unless for the clearest and gravest reasons of public interest. Such interest, however, we believe, requires, not the exclusion, but the admission of women to the franchise.

2. Because the denial of the franchise to qualified women entails on the community a serious loss; namely, that of the legislative influence of a numerous class whose moral sense is commonly highly developed, and whose physical defencelessness attaches them peculiarly to the cause of justice and public order.

3. Because, under a representative government, the interests of any non-represented class are confessedly liable to be misunderstood and neglected; and nothing but evidence that the interests of women are carefully weighed and faithfully guarded by the Legislature would nullify the presumptive injustice of denying them representation. Such evidence, however, is not forthcoming.

4. Because, instead of care and faithfulness, we find that the Legislature of England has shown both neglect and injustice towards women, neglect, inasmuch as it has failed to provide any commonly available method for compelling husbands to support the wives whose earnings the law has empowered them to seize—and injustice, inasmuch as the Divorce Laws, and the laws concerning the Property of Married Women, all lean to the interests of the represented sex, and against those of the unrepresented.

5. Because, while the natural and artificial disabilities of women demand in their behalf the special aid and protection of the State, no proposal has ever been made to deal with their perils and difficulties; nor even to relieve them of the smallest portion of the burden of taxation, which they are compelled to bear without sharing the privileges attached thereto.

6. Becuse women, by the denial to them of the franchise, are placed at a serious disadvantage in competion for numerous offices and employments; especially women of the middle-class, whose inability to vote tends extensively to deter landlords interested in politics from accepting them as tenants, even in cases where they have long conducted for their deceased male relatives the business of the farms, shops, etc, to whose tenure they seek to succeed.

7. Because the denial to women of the direct exercise of political judgment in the typical act of citizenship, has a generally injurious influence on the minds of men as regards women, leading them to undervalue their opinions on all the greater matters of life, and to treat offences against them with levity, as committed against beings possessed only of inferior rights.

8. Because the denial of the direct exercise of their judgment has a doubly injurious effect upon the minds of women, inclining them to adopt without conscientious inquiry the opinions which, they are warned, must be always practically inoperative; and beguiling them to exert through tortuous and ignoble channels the influence whose open and honest exercise has been refused.

9. Finally, we desire the franchise for women, because, while believing that men and women have different work to do in life, we still hold that, in the choice of political representatives, they have the same task to accomplish; namely, the joint election of a Senate which shall guard with equal care the rights of both sexes, and which shall embody in its laws that true Justice which shall approve itself not only to the strong, but also to the weak.

GOING TO SCHOOL.

In a recent number of the *Christian Union*, Mr. Beecher gives the following reminiscence of childhood, which most grown-up people will read with a pleasant interest.

"Did you like to go to school?"

"No, sir, I did not. I detested it—all its precedents, all its accompaniments, and all its sequents."

But this applies only to the primary schools. The academy and the college furnished many hours which are to be remembered with gladness; the early schools not one. They were engines of torture, devised expressly to make good boys unhappy, and seldom do contrivances succeed so well. Let us see—the first school that we remember was Miss Collins's. Deacon Collins lived on the green, southeast of old Litchfield's old church. Up stairs we climbed, we remember that; on a long bench we sat, with our feet dangling in the air, and a tall, kindly-faced woman there was. But, besides, we remember nothing—of the book, slate, or recitation.

Next we went to Miss Kilborne's, on the west side of the square, and of this school two things stand forth in memory: first, that the wind on this high hill used almost to take us into the air; the wind that seemed never to be done with blowing. It blew high and low. It swept along the ground, slamming open gates, whirling around corners, pushing us against the fence, and then into the ditch—a little, fat, clumsy boy, that hardly feared anything visible, but dreaded all mysteries, and shook with vague and nameless terror at the roar of the wind up in the high tree-tops—the great elm-trees that swayed and groaned as if they too were in cruel hands. The other memory of this school was of sitting wearisomely for hours on a bench, and swinging our little legs in the air for want of length to reach the floor. Yes, two other things we recall—one, a pinch on the ear, and the other a rousing slap on the head, for some real or putative misdemeanor, and a helpless rage inside in consequence. But of lessons, knowledge, pleasure, there is nothing. The picture is blank. Not a word of tenderness—not one sympathizing, coddling act, not the sight of a sugar-plum, which in that day would have been to us more beautiful than the stones of the walls of the Heavenly City. Oh! why did they put such tempting candy in long glass jars, and set them in the windows, to put little wretches in such a fever of longing, and to make them so unhappy! How many times have we walked the long road to school, looking all the way on the ground in hopes of finding a cent. Such things had happened! Boys there were in our own neighborhood who had found cents along the road, and even a sixpence in one case. There was a rumor that twenty-five cents in one instance had turned up. But we never heeded that. Had a quarter been lost, the whole town would have been searched as with a lighted candle, and no boy would have been left the luck of finding it. Still, the story acted on the imagination like an Arabian Night's tale. But over against that window—was it Buell's store?—he never gave us a particle of candy, and so his name rests uncertainly in our memory—over against that store we paused full often, and imagined that the day might come—what things had not happened that seemed extravagant to think of?—when we should set up a store, and keep candy, and have a right to put our hand in just when we pleased!

We liked to have done ourselves a wrong, in saying that we learned nothing. We know distinctly that Harriet one brilliant morning plucked dandelions, and taught us how to split them and roll them up into curls. It has been a great comfort to us many times since.

Our next school was Miss Pierce's. It was a ladies' school. We were sent thither to be under the care of elder sisters. We don't recollect a single recitation. For days together we were regarded as a mere punctuation point, not noticed unless dropped out of place, or turned upside down. Mr. Brace—father of C. L. B.—used to pass by and look at us with a knowing face, and snap his finger, in a signifi-

cant way, without a word. But that mysterious snap was good for ten minutes' propriety, and sometimes for even half an hour.

Once, for laughing out loud at somebody's fun—one had only to put his tongue in his cheek, or to point a finger at us, to set off that laugh which always lay pent-up waiting for deliverance—we were tied to the leg of the bench. The acute pain of shame pierced like a knife—a kiss cured it. For a kind-faced girl, one of the elder young ladies finishing her education there, looked upon our tearful eyes and scarlet-blushing misery, took pity on us, put a soft hand on our head and stooped and kissed us. If a cup of cold water to a thirsty child shall bring an immortal blessing to the giver, how much more a warm kiss to a crying child unable to defend itself against shame! May the angels lay their hands upon her as she dawns upon heaven, and kiss from her face every tear and sorrow of the sad world behind her!

All experiences of children are evanescent—and few sorrows have they that are not drowned in the first sleep, dead as Pharaoh's host in the Red Sea. The school was not expected to teach us, and it fulfilled every expectation. Our time was in danger at home of ravelling out in mischief, and the school was a mere basting-thread to hold down the hem of good behavior. Next went we to the district school.

Not a tree! Not a bush! Only a stone wall on one side and a board fence on the other. No window blinds. The summer sun beat down full upon the small, rough, unpainted school-house. Here we learned to catch flies—to crook pins for boys to sit down on, and from which they always arose with alacrity. If any man wishes to know what spontaneity is, let let him sit down on a well-prepared pin. We learned the rudiments of the cost of "carrying on"—an art of the largest proportions, and which, in schools, academies, and colleges, is amply taught, whatever else is omitted. Our bearing was very humble. We could make a cat's cradle under the bench unseen. We could look on a book seemingly in study for half an hour without seeing a word. We learned how to make paper spit-balls and to snap them across the room with considerable skill. But beyond these interesting branches we do not think we ever learned a thing. Why should we? Is it possible for a boy of six or eight years, in the school prison, with no incitement and no help, from four to six hours a day, and with all out-doors beating on the school-house, streaming in at the windows, coming in bewitching sounds, through every crack and crevice, to be studious, regular, and exemplary? A good village primary school ought to be a cross between a nursery and a playroom, and the teacher ought to be playmate, nurse, and mother, all combined. One teacher we had, young, pale, large-eyed, sweet of voice, but not prone to speak—bless her—why must she have consumption and one day disappear? And the next day behold in her place a tall, sharp, nervous, energetic, conscientious spinster, whose conscience took to the rod as a very means of grace. The first one would have made us love and obey her. We were even beginning. From the second we were marvellously delivered.

"Mother, I don't want to go to school."

"You don't wish to grow up a dunce, do you, Henry?"

"Yes, marm."

"What? Grow up like a poor, ignorant child, go out to service, and live without knowing anything?"

"Yes, marm."

"Well, suppose you begin now. I'll put an apron on you, and you shall stay at home and do housework. How would you like that?"

"Oh! do, ma."

Sure enough, we were permitted to stay away from school, provided we would "do housework;" and all summer long our hands set the table, washed dishes, swept up crumbs, dusted chairs, scoured knives; our feet ran of errands, besides the usual complement of chores in the barn.

But, oh! did we not glory in the exchange? Yes, and in the long summer afternoons, when nothing more was left to do, did we not allow a good aunt to lead us along those paths of learning which before our feet eschewed?

Great is our zeal for common schools, and disinterested. For we are not biased in favor of primary schools by one single pleasant memory connected with them. They lie in our memory as cunningly-devised engines for putting poor, little, roguish boys to torment because they are mercurial, fun-loving, and impatient of restraint.

Foreign Correspondence.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

BY EMILY FAITHFULL.

VICTORIA PRESS, London, June 20, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

THE Vice-President of the Educational Department has made during the week, in his seat in Parliament, a very important statement in reference to women. Mr. P. Taylor asked if women were to be excluded from the School Boards, and the Right Honorable William Forster replied that as far as the Educational Bill goes at any rate, "he" is to mean "she" also, and that "so far from being anxious to exclude women from the School Boards, he looks forward to their assistance in some cases being most valuable." We are still full of the death of Charles Dickens, and Canon Stanley preached a funeral sermon in Westminster Abbey yesterday afternoon. Every inch of standing room was occupied by distinguished representatives of rank and literature, among whom Alfred Tennyson attracted most notice. "There was a truth," the Dean confessed, "in the old Puritan feeling against an exaggerated enjoyment of romance, as tending to loosen the fibre of the moral character."

He continued, "that was, as it seems to me, a wholesome restraint I remember in my childhood, which kept me from revelling in fiction until the days work was over, and which thereby impressed upon us that the reading of pleasant fiction was the holiday of life, and not its serious business. It is this which, if it constitutes the danger of fictitious narratives, constitutes also their power. They approach us at times when we are indisposed to attend to anything else. They fill up those odd moments of life which exert so wide an influence over the whole tenor of our characters. Poetry may enkindle a loftier flame, the drama may rivet the attention more firmly, science may open a wider horizon, philosophy may touch a deeper spring, but no works are so penetrating, none reach so many homes and attract so many readers as the romance of modern times. Those who read nothing else read eagerly the exciting tale. Those whom sermons never reach, whom history fails to arrest, are reached and are arrested by fictitious persons, and by the stirring plots of the successful novels. It is this great power which makes a wicked novel more detestable almost than any other form of wicked words or deeds. It is this which gives to the foolish and worthless novel a demoralizing force beyond its own contemptible demerits. It is this which makes a good novel, pure in style, elevating in thought, and true in sentiment, one of the best blessings to the Christian home and Christian State. How vast the responsibility of those who wield this mighty engine—mighty it may be, and has been, for corruption, for debasement, for defilement; mighty it certainly has been in our own novels for edification and purification, for giving wholesome thoughts, high aspirations, and soul-stirring recollections. Ye who read these wonderful works of genius, acknowledging them as God's special gifts to us, only remember that the true romance of life is life itself. This leads me to the further question of the special form which this gift assumed in him whose loss the country now deplores with a grief so deep and genuine as to be itself a matter of serious reflection. What was there in him that called forth this wide-spread sympathy? What is there in this sympathy and in that which created it worthy of our religious thoughts this day? I profess not here to sit in judgment on the character and career of this gifted man. That must be left for posterity to fix in its proper niche amongst the worthies of English literature. Neither is this the place to speak at great length of those lighter and more genial qualities such as rendered his death, like that of one who rests besides him, almost an eclipse of the gaiety of nations. Let others tell us of the brilliant and delicate satire, of the kindly art, of the keen and ubiquitous sense of the ludicrous and grotesque. There is a time to laugh and a time to weep. Laughter is itself a good, yet there are moments when we dare not indulge in it. It may even seem hereafter as it may sometimes have seemed to some of our own age, that the nerves of the rising generation were, for a time at least, unduly relaxed by that inexhaustible outburst of the humorous temper and never-slumbering observation. The flood of drollery and merriment, it may be, brought out the comic and trivial side of life in too startling relief; but even thus, and even in this sacred place, it is good to remember that in the writings of him who has gone, we have had the most convincing proof that it is possible to move old and young to inextinguishable laughter without the use of a single expression which can defile the purest or shock the most sensitive. Remember, if there be any who think you cannot be witty without being wicked; who think that, in order to amuse the world and to awaken the interest of hearers or readers, you must descend to filthy jests, and unclean suggestions, and debasing scenes; that so thought not, and so wrote not—to speak only of the departed—Walter Scott, Jane Austen, Elizabeth Gaskell and William Thackeray; so thought not, and so wrote not, the genial, loving humorist whom we now mourn. However deep his imagination led him to descend into the dregs of society, still he breathed an untainted atmosphere around him; he was still able to show by his own example that even in dealing with the darkest scenes and most degraded characters, genius could be clean and mirth innocent.

I send this particular extract from his noble sermon, because I think it contains words women ought to take to heart. Unhappily, there are many on this side of the Atlantic of whom such pleasant words will never be said, for they are flooding us with sensational books in which vice runs riot and crime reigns supreme. A single villain does not content them, nor do they depict vice in the hope of making it odious. On the contrary, they gratify a debased taste by holding up cheats, gamblers, and seducers as paragons of talent and refinement, and virtue is described as stupid, and sin supposed to be attractive and clever. It is a sad thing to feel that there are so many really brilliant female writers of whom it can never be said, as of Charles Dickens, that they never wrote a line a child would be harmed by reading. We hear a great deal about work depriving a woman of the "bloom" men think so precious, and of taking women from behind the sacred and cherished "ramparts of domestic life," but we find no outcry against their participation in any fashionable amusement on the same grounds. The Princesses Theatre has been crowded during the last fortnight, though Schnieder has come back to it more

daring and indecent than ever. How English women can tolerate such an impudent performance, I cannot understand, and yet I have continually been told by those who think it improper for women to wish for the franchise, or to speak in public, that *I ought to go and see Schnieder!* These gentlemen and ladies would not tolerate a speech on the Hanover Square platform, from some earnest woman who feels like Lady Amberley "impelled to action," but they have no objection to go to a theatre and see such an outrage to all modesty on the stage.

The London season is just now at its height and to-day, June the 20th., is the anniversary of Queen Victoria's accession. Thirty-three years ago her rule began, and one of our morning papers gives such an interesting account of the event, that I think you will like to quote it:

Shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning of the 20th of June, 1837, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Lord Chamberlain left Windsor for Kensington Palace, where the Princess Victoria was residing with her mother, to inform her Royal Highness of the King's death. They reached Kensington Palace about 5, and with some difficulty aroused the porter at the gate. This functionary apparently ignorant of the rank of the distinguished visitors, and knowing nothing of the business upon which they had come, kept them waiting for some time in the court-yard, and then turned them into one of the lower rooms, where they remained, until ringing the bell, the Lord Chamberlain desired the attendant of the Princess to inform her Royal Highness that they requested an audience on business of importance. After another delay, and another ringing to inquire the cause, the attendant was summoned, who stated that the Princess was in such a sweet sleep that she could not venture to disturb her. The Archbishop of Canterbury gravely replied: "We are come to the Queen on business of State, and even her sleep must give way to that!" It did; and in a few minutes her Majesty came into the room in a loose white dress and shawl her hair falling over her shoulders, her feet in slippers-tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified. Lord Melbourne was immediately sent for, and a Privy Council was summoned to assemble at Kensington at 11 o'clock in the forenoon. At that hour the Queen, with the Duchess of Kent, entered the Council-chamber, and the Lord Chancellor administered to her Majesty the usual oaths, binding her to govern the Kingdom according to its laws and customs. She first received the homage of her uncles, the Dukes of Cumberland and Sussex, the Queen with admirable grace rising from her seat and preventing them from kneeling. The Cabinet Ministers and Privy Councillors then took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy; the former surrendered their seals of office, which her Majesty returned, and Ministers kissed her hand on reappointment. A declaration was drawn up and signed by all present, acknowledging faith and obedience to "our only lawful and rightful liege Lady Victoria, by the grace of God, Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britian and Ireland, Defender of the Faith." Her Majesty then spoke to the following effect:

"The severe and afflicting loss which the nation has sustained by the death of my beloved uncle has devolved upon me the duty of administering the government of this empire. This awful responsibility is imposed upon me so suddenly and at so early a period of my life, that I should feel myself utterly oppressed by the burden were I not supported by the hope that Divine Providence, which has called me to this work, will give me strength for its performance, and that I shall find in the purity of my intentions, and in my zeal for the public welfare, those resources which usually belong to a more mature age and a longer experience. I place my firm reliance upon the wisdom of Parliament and upon the loyalty and affection of my people. I esteem it also a peculiar advantage that I succeed to a Sovereign whose constant regard for the rights and liberties of his subjects, and whose desire to promote the amelioration of the laws and institutions of the country have rendered his name the object of general attachment and veneration. Educated in England, under the tender and enlightened care of a most affectionate mother, I have learned from my infancy to respect and love the constitution of my native country. It will be my unceasing study to maintain the Reformed religion as by law established, securing at the same time to all the full enjoyment of religious liberty; and I shall steadily protect the rights, and promote to the utmost of my power, the happiness and welfare of all classes of my people."

A generation has passed away since these words were uttered, eight Parliaments have been called to the councils of the Sovereign, and twelve Ministries have ruled in Downing street. Abroad, all continental thrones, from the vast empire of Russia to the smallest of the German grand duchies, have changed their occupants. Amid the stormy times of conflict and revolution in Europe, the throne of the Queen of England has remained unshaken, for the loyalty and affection of her subjects have been its basis. Amid the strife of contending parties at home, and throughout the thirty-three years which separate the Premiership of Lord Melbourne from that of Mr. Gladstone, Queen Victoria has ever fulfilled the duties of a constitutional monarch, placing her "firm reliance upon the wisdom of Parliament," and never failing to give effect to the expressed wishes of her subjects.

The Queen has just returned from her favorite residence in Scotland, and some grand preparations are being made at Windsor Castle for a state breakfast, to which about 1,000 guests are invited. Among the *events* of the season I must mention the marriage of the "fascinating" Marchioness of Hastings with Sir George Chetwynd, who has just attained his majority. It took place at St. James's Church, and no one was admitted without a ticket. The bride wore a wonderful diamond necklace about which every one is talking, with pendant of rare cats' eyes set with brilliants; but *the* marriage, is that of the Earl of Derby with Mary, Marchioness of Salisbury, which is to take place on the 5th of July. Of course last week "everybody" was at Ascot, the Prince and Princess of Wales went in state, all the country houses in the neighborhood were filled, and the trains took crowded freights of pleasure-hunters daily. A good story is told, bye-the-bye, of Mr. Gladstone's visit to the Epsom race course. When he arrived at the grand stand with Lord Granville, he found he had mislaid his permit; and was refused admittance in spite of Lord Granville's explanation, until he had purchased another. Racing men are taking some consolation from this, for as Mr. Gladstone threatens to "disestablish" them, they are in a humor to rejoice over any misfortune, however much! The Prince of Wales seems determined to allow his little sons to enter early into the pleasures he sets such store on; the other day we noticed Prince Victor at the theatre while the "School for Scandal" was being played, and both he and Prince George were at the Ascot race course last Thursday.

On the 17th a very interesting meeting was held at the rooms of the Social Science Association, Lord Shaftesbury, who is always foremost in all good undertakings, presided, for the purpose of considering the proposal of Miss Rye, that she should be allowed to take orphans and pauper girls of the age of from seven to twelve from the London workhouse schools and other workhouse schools throughout the country, to Canada where they would be placed (under proper legal protection) till eighteen years of age in respectable families. The Earl of Shaftesbury presided. Miss Rye read a paper in which she stated that her proposal was to take out children of the class in question to Canada, and place them, under due specific regulations, in the custody of old and established families in that country, who would train them up in a proper manner, and render them, before they had completed their term of apprenticeship, at eighteen years of age, thoroughly competent in every respect to make their way in the world. She had already on her books 200 families in Canada who were ready and willing to receive such children; and when the authorities at the unions were willing to give them up in tha way, she would distribute them among those families. The stipulation on which she parted with them was that, whatever age the child who was bound might be, the people receiving her should educate, clothe and feed her, and see that she attended a place of worship on Sunday, and Sunday School, if possible, till she was fifteen years of age; from fifteen to seventeen the family taking the girl covenanted to give her three dollars a month wages, with a rise to four dollars during the last year of her apprenticeship. Miss Rye said that of the children she took out in October last, fifty were orphans, given up to her care by the select vestry in Liverpool, and that body had been so well satisfied with the manner in which she had disposed of them that they had just voted her a second party of fifty children to take out in the same manner, together with the money for their expenses at the rate of £10 a head, which was much less than the rate at which they could be kept in this country. A resolution in support of Miss Rye's proposal was adopted by the meeting.

MANCHESTER, June 18, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

LECTURES ON WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

In pursuance of the resolutions passed at the Conference, held at Aubrey House on the 28th of May, the London Women's Suffrage Society has organized lectures in several places in the South with a view to forming local committees as centres of communication and action. Public interest on the question has been excited to a greater degree than formerly by recent events, and it is important to carry forward the work o enlightenment, and thereby strengthen the cause.

Mr. Moncure Conway delivered one of these lectures last week, at Merthyr Tydvil, in South Wales. The platform was occupied by several of the neighboring gentry and employers of that thickly-populated district. Mrs. Crawshay, of Cyfarthfa Castle, presided, and before introducing Mr. Conway spoke as follows:

Neighbors and friends,—I can imagine many of you wondering what has so strongly impressed me with the desirability of women under certain conditions having votes as to induce me to take so prominent a part before you to-night. When I ask many of my female friends what they think on any great question before Parliament, they reply, "We have no opinion—what's the good of having an opinion? We have no votes." I should like to make it *impossible* for women to quiet their consciences with such an answer as this. It has been urged that women have enough to do already. Can we look at the figures many of them make of themselves—the size of their chignons, the shape of their paniers, the height of their heels at one time, the tremendous circumference of their skirts at another, their enormous length—and not feel they must have an immense amount of time unemployed on their hands? In answer, then, to those who object to the effect on woman that voting will have, and that it will unfit her for home duties, I reply, "I think it better for the surplus time of woman to be applied to the consideration how to mend the wickedness and miseries of the world than in striving to mar the human form divine in her own person in the way she now does." And, having now told you why I think the possession of a vote will tend to ennoble women's characters, I will add that through them I hope to see a higher standard of morality introduced into the world. And I fancy few of those present to-night will consider the course of all events so pure and noble that we can afford to throw aside the help of at least half the human intellect as a thing not worth having. Who shall say how far the course of progress has been retarded by the ignorance of women? Men, you have thought the education of women a thing of no importance; you have devoted charitable educational bequests in the case of many public schools to the education of boys only, when th

bequest was equally for boys and girls. Would this have been if women had possessed votes to put in an effectual reminder? And on whom does the evil recoil? On you—sons of ignorant mothers, who filled your infant minds with superstitions which years of after education in some instances fail to eradicate. It is true, in many cases your noble efforts at self-emancipation have brought you to the fore, but consider where you might all have been had your mothers known how to point your first dawn of intellect aright! This is the backward process in each generation; the sons are sent heavily-weighted for the battle of life by the ignorance of their mothers. It is for the purpose of giving more solidity to the character of women that I am anxious to see them invested with the responsibility the possible possession of a vote would entail; and I now thank you for having listened to me so long, and ask your attention to the words of my friend Mr. Moncure Conway, whose kindness in speaking for us on this occasion I feel very much.

Mr. Moncure Conway then addressed the meeting on the same subject.

The Manchester Society is taking measures to form committees wherever practicable in the North. It circulates extensively the *Journal of Women's Suffrage* amongst members of Parliament, and other influential persons. The daily and weekly newspapers of the United Kingdom are regularly supplied with the *Journal*. A number of leading articles have thus been produced both from the Liberal and Conservative Press. The work of petitioning goes on. The new local committees will contribute to this work, and it is hoped that other municipal bodies will follow the example of the Manchester town Council by petitioning Parliament to remove the Political Disabilities of Women. Of course all this work is in preparation for next session. The rejection of our Bill by the House of Commons has not by any means discouraged us. The evidence of our Parliamentary strength which the division lists afforded was worth all our efforts. The progress of the question in the public estimation is not less satisfactory, and we are constantly receiving proofs of further advances in this direction often from unexpected quarters.

A WOMAN'S JOURNAL IN INDIA.

A ladies' newspaper has just been started in India. Its title is the *Bungo Mohila*, or *Woman of Bengal*. It is published at Calcutta, in Bengali, and the editor is a Hindoo lady.

Miss Mary Carpenter has recently given to the public, through a Bristol newspaper, a very interesting account of the work she has inaugurated in India for the education of women. The results so far are most encouraging. Miss Chamberlain, the lady who undertook to carry out Miss Carpenter's system at Ahnaedebad, has succeeded admirably. The services of Miss Chamberlain have been so much appreciated by the parents that the attendance in the school, under her superintendence, has risen from 80 to 130, and the girls now remain to a more advanced age. Eleven native ladies, some of them widows, are being trained in the school, and everything indicates continued improvement.

HIGHER EDUCATION IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

A Normal School for Musselman girls has been opened in Constantinople. Instruction is to be given in Turkish, Arabic and Persian, useful knowledge, needle-work, the piano, the sewing-machine, and the French language. There are already forty pupils. The school is under the direction of an old member of the learned body of the Ulema. The opening ceremony is said to have been very interesting. Several Turkish ladies were present; of course they were veiled. The Minister, Safvet Pasha, made a speech, and the head-master delivered the inauguration prayer. The ladies partook of coffee after the ceremony, and discussed the prospects of the new school.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN PERSIA.

A new religion has arisen in Persia, called "*The Bab*," or "Gate that Opens to Salvation." It was first promulgated by Mirza-Ali Mohammed, a native of Shiraz, who about twenty-five years ago commenced his career. The doctrine of the new sect is contained in an Arab book called "*Biyan*," or the "*Exposition*," written in 1848, by the founder, and in spite of opposition and prohibition circulated from one end of Persia to the other. The ethical code of the Bab's is based on a principle of universal love, and it is utterly opposed to the spirit of vengeance. But their most important peculiarity is their antagonism to Eastern notions, in their strong advocacy of the rights of women, and it is probable that they are indebted to their zeal for female emancipation to the numbers of superior women who have joined them; many of whom have displayed the utmost fervor and devotion, and have been martyred for the faith.

By the system of the Bab, women are not only liberated from the slavery imposed upon them by the Mahometans, but are raised to that equality with men which even in the Western World, is considerd Utopian. The prophetic oligarchy is not considered to be complete unless one of the members is a woman. Monogamy is insisted upon, and parents are enjoined to treat their daughters with especial tenderness, inasmuch as they are more pleasing to God than their sons. This veneration of the Baby's for women is accompanied by extreme solicitude for children whom their scriptures exhort them to treat with the utmost tenderness.

SANITARY MATTERS.

That our great cities are vast hot-beds of preventible crime and disease is admitted on all hands. That they are centres of intelligence and civilization is not less true. But the relation which the latter bear to the former facts has hitherto been too much disregarded. Science is coming to the rescue in these matters, and warns us with prophetic voice, of the consequences of neglect. Like every other work in this world, women as well as men are needed to accomplish complete results in Sanitary Matters, and there is no doubt that when woman's place in political functions is obtained she will furnish most valuable aid in devising and carrying out the dictates of the gospel of science. In the meantime Glasgow has set an example to other large towns in this respect.

A CIVIC SANITARY STAFF.—The authorities of Glasgow, says the *Daily Express*, have at legth the satisfaction of having organized the most complete "sanitary department" probably ever established as a permanent branch of administration in any of our British cities. The object aimed at is no less than to prevent disease—not only to wipe away the reproach which Glasgow has of late years been incurring from the mortality returns, but to render the town more clean and sweet to live in to improve the habits and condition of the poor, and to secure more vigorous health and greater length of days to all. The "Sanitary Inspection Service" consists of a chief officer, five district inspectors, and thirty ordinary nuisance inspectors, each of whom has a section of one of the five districts into which the city has been divided under his charge. Their duty is to ascertain, by personal investigation, the sanitary condition of each lane, court, close, stair, ashpit, etc., in the quarters to which they are appointed. Their inspection is to be conducted with a view especially to cleanliness, ventilation, sewage, paving, and the prompt removal of all filth or offensive matter, so as to prevent as much as possible the pollution of the air breathed by the inhabitants. It will also be the duty of the ordinary nuisance inspector to report to the chief inspector any structural defects he may notice which seem prejudicial to health, while pointing out to the owners, factors, or occupants such means as are readily available to these parties themselves for the removal of sanitary abuses connected with their dwellings. When such kindly suggestions are not attended to, he is to report all such cases of neglect to his district inspector, who will then take the matter up in a more or less compulsory form. In addition to this staff, special inspectors are appointed for epidemics, for lodging houses, houses "ticketed" for overcrowding, for bake-houses, for work-shops, and unwholesome meat. These special inspectors, like the others, will conduct their mission by constant personal visitation, with the acts of Parliament and instructions consistent therewith in their hands; and while using all kindly and persuasive influence to enforce the requirements of the law and the public good, will report to the district inspectors with a view to more stringent measures. The laws for the regulation of work-shops and the suppression of unwholesome meat were never so likely of being enforced as they will be under the active rule now inaugurated. A staff of "female visitors" has also been employed, whose duty it is to visit and instruct the poorer classes as to cleanliness of person, of children, of beds, and houses; and to give lessons, if need be, in sewing, bed-making, clothes-mending, and other domestic labors. In addition to this large and diversified inspecting and visiting service, there is a "cleansing service," consisting of a chief officer, yard-men, fumigators, and washers. This bureau has a wash-house under its care, where, besides the fumigating and cleansing operations of its servants in wretched and filthy private houses, articles are sent to be washed, purified, and returned to their owners. Over all these operations "the medical service" watches and wards, and through its district officers has its eye, its word of skill, and its directing and guiding hand everywhere. So minute and systematic is the inquiry and operation going forward from day to day, that a child under five years of age cannot die in the poorer localities of the town without an immediate inspection of the house in which it died and its surroundings, with a view to the detection of any physical cause of disease or unhealthiness, such as damp or unpaved courts, defective ventilation, etc.; and a flagrant evil of this kind once discovered, steps are at once taken to have it removed or remedied.

I forward herewith some of the papers read at the Conference held last month in London. You will find those by Mrs. Butler and Mrs. F. Malleson, each in its way, most striking and valuable.

Believe me to be very truly yours,

REBECCA MOORE.

A MORAL CLASSIC.

You mourn your husband's public life,
  You long to see his face at home;
How can he seek such toil and strife,
  The battle's roar, the breaker's foam!

Come, sit you down, and look with me
  Upon these tints, so clear and bright,
Within this painting you may see
  Your story told in radiant light.

Old Titian wrought this classic tale
  Of Venus and Adonis love.
Her soft imploring looks will fail—
  For see—the hunt starts through the grove.

The hounds pull hard upon his hand,
  He lingers in her tender arms,
The ringing horns can he withstand,
  Or leave his Goddess's graceful charms?

He bursts away! Ah, let him go,
  Fair Venus, 'tis his natural life,
Hand him his spear, his shield, his bow!
  This is the office of a wife.

But you remember all the rest:
  The boy's sad fate, the woman's grief,
The frantic hounds, the god's behest,
  The roses crimsoned on each leaf.

'Tis true, yet nobler was his life
  And better far than sweetest dreams,
The manly courage of the strife,
  'Tis victory, although death it seems.

EMILY E. FORD.

WOMAN IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

It is amusing to see how the "Woman question," in some one of its various phases, intrudes itself upon almost all public assemblies. Were it not for the persistent opposition of its enemies, who are so quick to discern the least approach of the irrepressible subject, which, like Banquo's ghost, will not down, it would not be so often brought conspicuously forward.

The classical shades of *Oberlin* have recently been echoing to *conservative* rather than to radical teachings. Surprising as it may seem, it is now well known that Oberlin is playing a new role—that of a strong and persistent opposition to the leading reform of the day. Not content with silently opposing the women who are so earnestly asking that, which she, Oberlin, loudly demanded for the negro, very many of her leading ladies *distinguished* themselves, by signing the Lorain Memorial. This was soon followed by President Fairchild's address, as their support, which, although characterized by his accustomed mildness, and contrasted pleasantly with the vituperations of the Lords and Hatfields, yet at the same time showed a very determined effort to quench all radical ideas which his students might be getting on the subject. But as one just man was found even in Sodom, so a few faithful battlers for woman's cause were to be found even in Oberlin.

A Convention was held; friends from neighboring towns gave their assistance, and Mrs Livermore, a host in herself, made a most able and convincing address. Fearful lest the tide might be setting the other way, Dr. Boynton, from Washington, was sent for to rescue Mrs. Livermore's wounded opponents. He came, and for two evenings declaimed vigorously against the doctrine of free love, and endeavored to uphold the divine institution of marriage in which efforts we bid him God-speed; but like many others, he basely endeavored to overthrow the woman question by falsely accusing the leaders of the movement of holding free love sentiments and discarding the Bible. His lectures, however, *helped* rather than hindered the cause he sought to oppose.

Another little wave of agitation has just passed which should by all means be chronicled.

The Ohio State Congregational Conference has just held its annual meeting at the spacious old Oberlin church, and we had but just taken our seat there on one of the morning sessions, when, greatly to our surprise, the irrepressible woman was brought before the honorable body. Rev. Samuel Wolcott, of Cleveland, an intense conservative, took the privilege of introducing her. He remarked that several lady delegates had been sent, but that in his opinion it would be unconstitutional to receive them, as he thought the phrase "lay delegates" did not include women. The Rev. Mr. Parish, of Sandusky, spoke forcibly on the other side, after which a motion was made and carried, that the question be decided by the Moderator, Rev. Dr. Hawks, of Marietta. This he did, supporting the officious D.D. from Cleveland. An appeal was then made, and a vote taken, which resulted in eighty-eight sustaining the Moderator, and sixty-five opposing. A gentleman then arose and moved that a committee of three, naming Dr. Wolcott as one of them, be appointed to amend the constitution in this respect. Of course the Rev. Samuel at once declined, and no further notice was taken by the Moderator of the gentleman who made the motion. In the afternoon, however, just before the close of the session, the audience was again on the *qui vive*, as a resolution was offered to amend the constitution, so that ladies might be admitted hereafter. This brought *our friend*, the D.D., to his feet instanter, as well as several other old fogies, whereupon a gentleman arose and made a few statements with regard to the ladies who were creating such a sensation. He said that they were among the most unassuming of women, never even speaking in their home meetings, but as no gentlemen in the church could attend as delegates, these ladies had been sent in their stead.

And very properly so, thought all unprejudiced, candid minds, when they remembered that two-thirds, if not three-fourths, of our church-members are women, many of whom are the most earnest of Christian workers.

The distress of the poor old fogies seemed to be increasing, when one thoughtful "brother" rose, and moved that the motion be laid on the table till their next annual meeting. This was amended to the laying of it upon the table indefinitely, and it was carried, we are ashamed to say, by a vote of fifty-five against fifty-three. No doubt those alarmed conservatives breathed much freer after this *slamming the door* in the faces of a few Christian women

While there may sometimes seem to be a *slight* excuse for those who oppose the admission of woman into political life, not a shadow of one can be made for those men, who, if really right as regards their present constitution, had no sound and logical reason to give in opposing its amendment. We pronounce the spirit which they thus exhibited as utterly barbarous and uncivilized; unworthy of the age in which we live; false to the teachings of Congregationalism, and, worse than all else, entirely contrary to the teachings of the blessed Master. If woman has no rights which a man is bound to respect, anywhere else, she certainly has them in the Church of Christ, where she has always been the most prominent and efficient worker, ever since she showed her fidelity at the cross and sepulchre. We trust that all true Congregationalists, throughout the land, will feel constrained to pray for these "weak brethren," that they may put off their old mantle of prejudice and love of rule, and become clothed with the spirit of Him who said: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so them."

A Congregational Woman.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."—MARIA MITCHELL.

BY BROWNIE.

The wise and oft-repeated proverb which stands at the head of this article, was never more clearly demonstrated than in a recent act of one of our first colleges, in conferring upon Miss Maria Mitchell the honorary degree of Ph. D. Miss Mitchell possesses those rare qualifications which go to make the true woman and thorough student. She was born in Nantucket August 1, 1818, and is by birth and education a member of the Society of Friends. When but eleven years of age, she entered her father's school as pupil and assistant teacher, and thus early in life acquired a fondness for Astronomy from her father, who was deeply interested in, and much devoted to the study and practice of this sublime science. By her continued co-operation with him in the use of instruments, and in mathematical calculations, she was soon able to make accurate observations herself without professional assistance.

On October 1, 1847, she discovered a telescopic comet, for which she was made the recipient of a gold medal from the King of Denmark. She was subsequently employed in connection with the United States coast survey, and assisted in the compilation of the nautical almanac of our government. On the nomination of Prof. Agassiz, she was chosen a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science; and she is also a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, being the first woman admitted into that body.

Soon after the completion of Vassar College at Poughkeepsie-on-the-Hudson, she was called to the chair of astronomy, and was consequently made director of the excellent observatory connected with that institution. This position she holds at the present time. Her venerable and esteemed father was her companion here most of the time till his death, which occurred during the last year, cheerfully assisting her in their chosen profession, as she had so often aided him in years past. We met them at the college in the winter of 1868-9—glad to meet her at her post, and thankful, as always, to see a woman who has the moral courage to row against the current of popular sentiment, and succeed in winning the prize of glorious success.

It is a matter of earnest congratulation that there are many living illustrations, and they are rapidly increasing in numbers, of the fact that women can and will qualify themselves for positions of responsibility and trust, and fill them satisfactorily, too.

It must be apparent to any inteligent, thoughtful mind, that it would greatly enhance the prosperity and intellectual power of our country, have a tendency to redress woman's wrongs, adjust their wages, greatly increase their weight of influence in reforming the evils of society, incalculably enlarge their usefulness everywhere and everyway, and add to their own happiness and self-respect, if our young misses, instead of being allowed to pass their youth in comparative idleness and passive indifference to the culture of their mental faculties, should bend their physical and mental energies, as the subject of this article and many other noble women have done, toward acquiring that knowledge which in years to come would enable them to occupy places of usefulness to mankind, of honor and credit to their sex, and emolument to themselves.

Yes, of emolument! for "we know not what a day may bring forth." To-day a girl may be the daughter of luxury, to-morrow a child of poverty, and then, if one is incapable of earning a livelihood, the cold charity of the world is not a nourishing morsel to feed upon. It is a woman's right and duty to prepare for such an emergency; and the obligation rests upon man to encourage such a preparation, and admit her as his colaborer in every department of industry, in every branch of science, in every profession, and his coequal at every ballot-box in this republican nation and wherever else she may merit it.

Books alone do not cultivate men and women Every new impression that you receive from the commonest things is a lever to raise you from the ground. Go into the fields! The meanest rocks can teach you more than Virgil or Homer.

FAMOUS ENGLISH LOCALITIES.

From a very interesting private letter of a distinguished American now abroad, we extract the following: The writer has been speaking of the love our own people have for the great men, and memorable places of the mother country, and adds:

"But it is very remarkable how little the English themselves think of their own noted places. I have several times made quite a journey to visit some historical locality, and found the people residing there absolutely ignorant of the whole subject.

"Even in Scotland the foot-prints of history are nearly rubbed out by the ceaseless and careless tramp of the living generations. The Abbey, the Tower, the Monument, St. Paul's, Temple Bar, and a few more such places are known, because they still remain; but the precise locality of Charing Cross, the exact spot of the beheading of King Charles, the very place of the Smithfield executions, and a thousand more historic regions are totally unknown. One day, for example, I went to see the room where poor Chatterton, the lamented Bristol genius, took his own life. I had obtained the name of the street, the number of the house, and even the locality of the room in which the fatal deed was done, from an old book that had fallen in my way, I went down and easily found the place. On the first floor was a low eating-room, where sat a beggarly-looking bill-poster, counting bills at a dirty table; no one else was there, I enquired of the man of the house, and got for answer, that he, the bill-poster, knew nothing about him. I then rapped heavily on the counter, and a thick headed Englishman came in and asked what was wanted. I told him I wished to see the room where the poet Chatterton died. 'Chatterly, Chatterly!' he said, 'there is no such person dead 'ere in my 'ouse.' 'No,' said I, 'there is not now, I know, but there was a long time ago.'

"My knowing antiquary shook his head and replied:

"'You must be mistaken, for I 'ave lived in this 'ouse five years, and no person has died 'ere that I ever 'eard on.'

"I gave it up and came away, a sadder, but *not* a wiser man. And this is but a fair sample of what might, and does happen to the traveller repeatedly, and in all parts of England."

THE REVOLUTION AT HOME.

The Revolution Association held a reception last week on the occasion of the opening of their Branch Office, which was largely attended by the friends of Woman's Suffrage and the members of the New York Press; for whatever the views of this last-named class may be on the Woman question, the hand of good fellowship has been extended by all of them in the most graceful and cordial manner to The Revolution and its new editors.

The evening was a most enjoyable one in spite of the Summer's heat. For the benefit of our friends abroad, we clip from the journals a few among the many notices of the Reception:

From the New York Tribune.

Another Beginning.—The vehement little journal that scatters honey and vinegar, under the title of The Revolution, has transferred a portion of its worldly goods to Brooklyn, and last evening, with all due state and circumstance, did lower a drawbridge to a wondering world. No. 25 Fulton street was the scene of state, and the circumstance, though melting, was exceedingly graceful. Bright and dainty are those feminine editorial rooms, right-mindedly clothed in clean, fresh carpet, and fine, appropriate engravings. Last evening, flowers—red and white beauties—were scattered everywhere, and with the delicately-tinted walls and pretty pictures gave an impression womanly and dainty enough. Mrs. Bullard's brilliant and kindly eyes were the magicians that ordered all this beauty to its place, and rendered still more pleasant the gentle courtesy given to her guests. The assemblage was mainly journalistic. With its bright and bonny new office, The Revolution takes a new office editor as bright and bonny. Miss Phœbe Cary fills the luxurious chair, which, it is to be hoped, will never be to her a seat of typographical anguish and a stool of repentance where from to "interview" bores.

From the New York Standard.

Opening of The Revolution.—The proprietors of The Revolution opened their new office at No. 25 Fulton street Brooklyn, last night, by an entertainment to their friends. All the prominent ladies and gentlemen connected with the cause of Woman's Suffrage were present. The evening was passed in conversation which was interspersed with an abundant supply of ice-cream, cake, Beman's ale.

From the New York World.

A branch office of The Revolution, of which Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard has editorial charge, was opened at 25 Fulton street, Brooklyn, yesterday evening. The office is intended to be for editorial work only, as the great majority of The Revolution staff reside in that city. Many evidences of womanly taste were visible in the decoration of the offices, which form the entire second floor of the building. Recherche statuary, valuable engravings and paintings adorn the rooms. During the evening and up to eleven o'clock last night, ladies and gentlemen thronged the rooms, and, after being received by a committee appointed for the purpose, were invited to partake of a collation. Much regret was expressed at the absence of Susan B. Anthony, who is now in Kansas.

From the Brooklyn Daily Union.

The association who now own and direct the able journal called The Revolution having opened a branch office at 25 Fulton street, Western District, held there, last evening, their first reception—a kind of house-warming, if such a heated term were allowable at this season. Not fewer than four hundred invitations were issued, but of course it was not expected that every one could come, or would come. There were, however, enough present to make the reunion one of the most agreeable that can possibly be imagined. The beauty and intellect of the city were fully represented, a fact which is of some value in estimating the regard in which The Revolution is held. The "branch" consists of three rooms, simply but elegantly fitted up, the walls being of an ashen color, with a simple border in fresco, underrunning the cornice. All that tawdry and meretricious decoration on which some individuals waste so much money to prove how little taste they possess, is studiously avoided. Beautiful flowers were disposed here and there in vases in various parts of the room. Suspended from the lintel of the folding doors of the reception-room depended some potted flowers, from among which the classical *hedera* trailed into the room. On the walls were some fine photographs, conspicuous among which were the portraits of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Mr. Theodore Tilton, Mr. Horace Greeley, and all the distinguished men who have either sown the seeds of freedom with their pens, or reaped it with their swords.

The assemblage in the reception-room was a brilliant one, and the courteous offices of Mr. Edwin A. Studwell publisher of The Revolution, soon placed the favored guests on the most agreeable terms with one another.

Among the officers of the association present, all of whom reside in the Western District, were Mr. John J. Merritt, President; John H. King, Secretary; Jeremiah Curtis, Treasurer; Wm. P. Libby, Chairman Executive Committee; Laura Curtis Bullard, editor. Edwin Studwell, publisher. A large number of handsome and elegantly-attired ladies, who are more or less renowned in the literary world, gave the reunion something of the character of that *salon* of which Madame Recamier was once the presiding genius. Prominent among the guests were Mr. Theodore Tilton and Kenward Philp, of the *Union*; Mr. A. Plunkett, of the New York *Herald*; Mr. P. Keady, of the *World*; Mr. Perry, of the *Home Journal*; Rev. A. P. Putnam, Mrs. Jenny June Croly, Miss Virginia Townsend, Mrs. Sarah Fisher Ames, Mrs. Blake, Miss Hutchinson, ex-Judge Wm. A. Coit, and later in the evening, Mr. Wm. A. Osborne, President of the Board of Supervisors.

The evening was passed in conversation, and at 11 o'clock the meeting broke up. An agreeable *divertissement* in the evening's proceedings was an excellent collation.

From the New York Herald.

Reception of The Revolution Association.—Last evening was made the occasion of a very select and agreeable reception by the Revolution Association, which has opened an office at No. 25 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn. About four hundred invitations were issued by the association, and a gratifying response was accorded the managers of that ably conducted journal by the presence of a fair representation of the most respectable and intelligent people of Brooklyn and vicinity. The press, the pulpit and the bar were represented by prominent men, while accomplished and charming literary characters of the gentler sex lent the grace of their presence to the reception. The apartments occupied by the branch, which are on the second floor, are three in number. They are handsomely carpeted and furnished. Several choice specimens of the photographic art adorn the walls. Among the portraits are conspicious one of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Fred. Douglass, Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, Mrs. E. C. Stanton, Phillips, Garrison, Miss Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, Horace Greeley, and other distinguished advocates of the cause which The Revolution sustains. Among the officers of the association present last evening, all of whom reside in the City of Churches, were John J. Merritt, President; John H. King, Secretary; William P. Libby, Chairman of Executive Committee; Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, Editoress, and Edwin A. Studwell, Publisher. Among the most prominent guests were noticeable Theodore Tilton and Kenward Philp, of the Brooklyn *Union*; Rev. B. Peters and John A. Armstrong, Williamsburg *Ttmes*; Rev. A. P. Putnam, Mr. Perry, of the *Home Journal*; Mrs. Jenny June Croly, Mrs. Virginia Townsend, Mrs. Sarah Fisher Ames, Mrs. Blake, Miss Nellie Hutchinson, Mr. William J. Osborn President of the Board of Supervisors, and lady; ex-Judge William A. Coit. Having indulged in conversation and congratulated the managers upon the prospect of a continuance of success the guests withdrew, not, however, until the hospitality of the Revolution Association had been partaken of.

From the New York Democrat.

The opening of a branch office of The Revolution at 25 Fulton street, Brooklyn, was made the occasion of a very pleasant reunion at that place by the Female Suffragists on Thursday evening. A number of ladies and gentlemen attended, and for several hours there was a really delightful interchange of good feeling and sentiment. Among the company present we noticed Theodore Tilton, the editor of three papers; Mrs. Laura Curtis Bullard, editress of The Revolution; Mrs. Seelbach, of the Workingwomen's Protective Union Bleecker street, N. Y.; Phœbe Cary of The Revolution, and a number of ladies and gentlemen favorably known and connected with the female reform movement. If enthusiasm, good feeling and sound sense can secure success—and we believe it can—The Revolution has evidently a brilliant future before it.

From the Brooklyn Daily Times.

A Branch Revolution.—Last evening the new branch office of the Revolution, at No. 25 Fulton street, Brooklyn, was opened for the inspection of a number of ladies and gentlemen interested in its fortunes and mission. The office comprises three rooms, which are elegantly carpeted and furnished, two of them being devoted to the editorial duties of the paper, and one to the exigencies of branch publication. Portraits of those ladies and gentlemen—from Lucreita Mott to William H. Seward—who have at any time espoused the principles of the Revolution, adorn the walls, alternating with fine paintings and rare engravings, of studies from social life.

The company present last night was but a sample of those whose names are on the Revolution roll of honor.

There was no formal "opening." There were no speeches. There was no music. But everybody chatted with everybody else, and ate vanilla (or strawberry) cream, and dranked (or sipped) lemonade. The press was represented as follows: The N. Y. *Herald*, the N. Y. *World*, the N. Y. *Sun*, the N. Y. *Star*, the N. Y. *Tribune*, the N. Y. *Standard*, the N. Y. *Times*, the N. Y. *Globe*, the Brooklyn *Eagle*, the E. D. *Times*, and the *Programme*.

The refreshments were provided by Mr. Anderson, and were of the choicest quality.

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, Editor.
EDWIN A. STUDWELL, Publisher.

NEW YORK, JULY 14, 1870.

OUR WOMEN PAUPERS.

It would, perhaps, startle the most of us if suddenly in the midst of a festive social occasion, or when seated in a crowded railway car, or in church, at a lecture, or in some other assembly of people, a whisper should reach our ears, "More than half these women present are paupers!" And yet, startling as would be that proposition, in most cases investigation would prove its truth.

"What, these well dressed women paupers!" you exclaim. Yes! Probably nine-tenths of those gaily apparelled ladies could not dispose of even so small a sum of money as ten dollars without first asking for it from the purse-holder of the family, and stating for what uses it was intended. And many of them would hesitate a good while before making the request, unless they were tolerably sure that their intended disposal of the sum would meet the wishes and ideas of the banker of the household.

The amount of poverty among women is something almost incredible. And it is not the wives and daughters of the poor who are the most straitened in money matters. One lady who resides in an elegant stone mansion in New York, surrounded by every elegance and ornament, who has fine dresses and plenty of servants, is yet more penniless than the lowest of her maids in her kitchen.

The display of wealth in the household is a part of the gratification of the pride of her husband. Her dress serves the same purpose: hese are the necessary expenses, but money for the indulgence of her own individual tastes and wishes she has none. Any charities, she must ask her husband to bestow, and the favorable or unfavorable reply to her request depends on his interest in the case, not on hers.

He is not an illiberal man, but it simply does not occur to him that his wife may like a little of the freedom with which he disburses money, for her own tastes, needs or benevolent schemes.

This is perhaps an exceptional case, but there are many women, the wives of men with respectable incomes, who would experience quite a novel sensation did they find ten, fifteen or twenty-dollars in their portemonnaies which they were at liberty to disburse without giving any account of its expenditure.

Nor does this spring from niggardliness on the part of our men. Americans are not as a rule miserly or illiberal as regards their family expenses. Yet we believe it is true of American women, that, as a class, they are more penniless than the women of any other nation. This fact is due to a false idea of the pecuniary relations which should exist between the husband and father and his wife and daughters.

The custom of marriage settlements in other countries has done much to form a correct public sentiment on the rights of a wife to her property in the home. Her money interests are protected there as they would be in any other business relation. Not so in America—such arrangements would be regarded as mercenary in the extreme.

Partly from a sentiment of delicacy, when a youthful pair in our land enter matrimony, they ignore all money matters, or if they speak of such common place subjects at all, it is to assert and to accept the statement that all their interests are identical; each feels that there should be a community of pecuniary and all other interests between them, but however beautiful this may be in theory, what sort of community is that found to be in practice, when one of the contracting parties gradually assumes the management of all expenditures, and the other has no voice in the matter other than the indirect influence of persuasion and stratagem to effect her purpose.

That there are many generous men who will be surprised at such statements, and inclined to disbelieve the existence of this large penniless class of women, is no doubt true; but we know that we shall find an echo in many hearts when we say that not a few of the slaves on a Southern plantation, in the days when that serfdom existed, had more money absolutely under their own control than thousands of women who live in decorous homes all over our land.

The sensitiveness, the humiliation with which a woman approaches her husband for money, none but a woman can know. She feels, indeed, that it is her right, for if her servants earn their wages and they are paid cheerfully, to how much more are her untiring and unflagging services entitled. In every department of household labor, the good wife and mother takes her share. In every emergency she must be prepared to act. All day long and often into the night she toils for her household.

An American wife and mother belonging to that largest of classes in every community, those possessed of only a moderate income, must be by turns absorbed in every branch of the household economy. She must be equally at home in the kitchen, the laundry, the sewing room, the nursery and the parlor, for her services will in turn be demanded in these several departments.

No wonder that, worn and wearied by the constant pressure of household cares, she feels conscious that in the line of her duties she has contributed as much to the family comforts as her husband in his capacity of the money-maker, and she is hurt when her work is treated as comparatively worthless.

For services such as hers, were she to be taken by death from her family, her husband would be obliged to pay a good salary, but he considers her food and necessary clothing an all-sufficient recompense for her life-long work.

Do you say that her love for her family should sweeten her toil and be all the reward she should ask? No doubt she would find the daily routine of her cares unendurable were it not for the unfailing affection which stimulates her to exertions, but has not her husband the same motives to incite him to action in his business; and do you think his tenderness for his family, genuine though it is, would make his position pleasant for him were the cases reversed, and were he obliged to go to his wife as she does to him with the catechism. "My dear, can you let me have some money this morning!" "How much do you want?" "Well, perhaps I can do with fifteen dollars." "What do you want it for?" Johnnie needs shoes, or Mary a hat, or Carrie a dress, or some necessary matter has to be bought for the household. But in either case the statement must be made, and perhaps after some grumbling over the continually recurring expenses of the family, for which in some vague way, the wife feels that she is considered responsible, the money is produced, and the husband goes his way, possibly forgetting all about the matter, while his wife, sitting at home, sighs and wishes that by some magic her daily toil might be transmuted into gold that she might contribute money to the general fund instead of as now, drawing out continually from the household treasury.

Among the happiest women we have known, we may reckon the writers, singers, artists, lecturers, milliners and dressmakers, who have contributed to the maintenance of their families. They have been invariably the tenderest of wives and the most devoted of mothers—happy in the exercise of their talents, and in the pecuniary advantages which their families have reaped from their labors.

But all women cannot, nor should they desire to enter the arena of daily business with men—nor would they, were their home services regarded, as they deserve to be, of equal value with the out-door labors of the husband and father.

To bring about a clearer idea of the importance and worth of woman's work in the home, needs only a little effort on the part of women themselves. Men are not naturally unjust, and their attention needs only to be called to this defect in the administration of household finance to have it remedied at once. But women have borne in silence this position of paupers, smothering the indignation and humiliation they have felt in it—growing hard and bitter under the wrong, and yet making no attempt to right it. It is time that all this was changed—that a woman should become not only in name, but in fact, the equal partner of her husband in the money which he amasses, and that at least whatever may be said as to her participation in business matters, that she should be consulted with regard to the household expenditures. A woman who is fit to be a wife and a mother ought at least to be capable of giving advice on the money matters of the home. Wives should claim this share in the household economy, and in order to exercise the right judiciously, they should inform themselves of the state of their husband's affairs, and graduate their expenditures accordingly.

We believe there would be far less extravagance on the part of women to complain of, if they were treated as equals, and trusted by their husbands with a knowledge of their exact pecuniary condition, instead of being left like children in ignorance of all such details.

The frivolous woman who coaxes her husband into the purchase of a coveted piece of furniture or article of dress, or into some domestic extravagance which he can ill afford, would be suddenly transformed into the sympathetic friend and ready helper in economical measures at which she now rebels, were he to take her into his confidence.

The use of money teaches its value. Cares and responsibilities develop a woman as well as a man. And however deficient our women may now be in the management of pecuniary matters, in this as in all other directions, the old adage will be found true, "Experience is the best school-master."

Miss Susan B. Anthony has accepted a proposition from us to act as General Agent at large for The Revolution. She has full power to form sub-agencies in States, Counties, or Towns, and with her usual go-a-head-ativeness we expect grand results from her labors.

THE TRIBUNE'S TYPICAL WOMAN.

Our gallant brother, the *Tribune*, "still harping on my daughter," in editorial numbers, obligingly describes for us the "Typical American Woman." She is not that dreadful creature who erst did rejoice in preposterous coat-tails, proudly asserting a pantalooned-independence. The last wave of those battle-flags of freedom long ago disappeared in the West, where sooner or later all our extravagancies find their Lethe. Neither is The Typical a gentle Dora—the sweet, soft, submissive, silly woman whose life is an essay upon the Flatness of Things. Nay, neither of these is the woman of our dreams, though she once groped her way through the newspapers under such maskings. The *Tribune* pricks these bubbles with its authoritative lance, and summons the real Type to her dread exegesis. First, for the place where, ———. It is haply "some village or parsonage" wherein she doth abide. Then for the sort which: she is "of middle-class in rank and culture," is this flower of our sex? Moreover, she is "bilious," a condition for which the poor thing is surely not to be blamed, and for which dandelion tea is a gracious and instant remedy. Then she is "bigoted;" and "unable with tongue or pen;" and "tightly-bound by precedent and prejudice." Nor are these all the beauties and graces that shed witchery about her,—"as to brain-work, she is apt to make a specialty of history or theology, and sits a half-scornful, half-compassionate observer, while the half-taught, Advanced Female * * * * plays her tricks before high heaven." Ah, very ominous endings! Poor denizen of bucolic parsonages, bounded in a nut-shell, and counting herself a queen of infinite space! Deductive Imagination pictures a dame of sourest aspect, fearfully yellow, and immoderately proper; stiff with the stiffness of narrow Puritanism, silent, invincible, worshipping her great-great-grandmother, browsing on Gibbon and Baxter, when she isn't minding her milk-pails and saucepans. From such a formidable Model may the *Tribune* defend us. Better than this was that Dora, who, if she were silly, still was sweet; better the Britomarte who rode, armed cap-a-pie, into the lists of Opinion, and illustrated existence with defiant garments. She is far from being an enchanting, or even comfortable creature, this Typical American Woman of the *Tribune*. She scatters remorsely all our pretty loves, our gracious fancies, and, did we believe in her, would speedily send us in longing search for Griselda and the Miltonian woman.

But with all our "almighty dreadful little might" we don't believe in her. We can only wonder in what distant nook of antiquity the *Tribune* found her; in what dim and musty parsonage of the past it unearthed this properest Priscilla; in what mood of cynical disgust for the "Advanced Female" it sought comfort in her bigotry and distraction in her silence. Certainly she is not the Typical Woman we have met in country-ways and by-ways. Not at all too good for human nature's daily food. The Woman we wot of has her inconsistencies, her pettinesses, her "prejudices," if our friend pleases. A little sound, substantial prejudice is not a bad thing, after all—it assuredly precludes mental flabbiness. And as for a clinging to precedent, we have a faint idea that this is what the Typical has hitherto been most violently censured for not doing. But putting aside the ills that all feminine minds are prone to, we assert that our Typical Woman is growing to be a revelation of finer and sweeter phases than the sex has ever known. In little country villages we have found her infinitely repeated. Shut away from the living atmosphere of Art and Literature that gives the city its charm, she yet creates about her a miniature temple of these for her worship. And that worship is an honest ecstasy, a pure reverence. If she has not as many books, nor as many hours to dally with them, as has the "New York and Boston *bel-esprit*," she has the best and highest, and she rarely "skims;" she struggles with knotty questions of philosophy, she is her own sphinx, and when she lays away her book upon its shelf she knows it thoroughly, has made it a part of her life. The new ideas that are forever rippling the currents of Politics, Society, and Science, she understands quite as well as the *bel-esprit*, for the newspapers and periodicals she indulges herself withal, are the freshest, most comprehensive of their kind, and she has learned to fix facts. If not so broad as the *bel-esprit's*, her culture is deeper, less desultory. She has a finer faith, a healthier trust in human nature; and her religion, if less excitable, is more truly liberal. She is not "unable with her tongue," but the hard-working men about her are inferior by force of necessity, and in the inevitable lack of conversational attrition, she becomes unused to think aloud. Neither is she constitutionally unable with her pen; her chief weakness is an under-valuation of her powers, and it has never occurred to her that the little magician could by any possibility belong to her. The peculiar lack in country life is that thing which so vivifies social existence in the city—suggestion.

Of Art she knows much in theory. The *bel-esprit*, who talks so glibly of the new picture, the new symphony, can never feel for these the passionate love and longing that move her afar off.

She can scarcely be called middle-class in culture, and as for rank—what is it? Her forefathers were lords of the soil, while Thomas Flamingo's frilled fledglings, who have gaped at Paris, looked wise in New York, and peeped in Boston, had a great-grandfather who boiled soap or peddled tin-ware. Alas, for rank!

The truth is, the *Tribune* has caught a glimpse of a Woman who is disappearing with many another of the old-time superstitions. As thought every day finds new modes of expression, more rapid communication, the women of our inland towns heed with no laggard souls. In the existence and growth of our bright, brave, frank, healthy-natured Typical Woman we have the fullest faith. We know the power of her gentle hand, her clear eye, and as we tenderly and proudly remember her, we watch round the corner of Conservatism the last whisk of the prim skirts of the *Tribune's* Priscilla.

An Extra Revolution.—In view of the fact that so many of our subscribers have written to us saying substantially, "If you will send me a few extra copies of The Revolution, I can make a good use of them by distributing specimens among my friends," we have determined to send, this week, an extra copy to each subscriber who is not in arrears, with a request that the paper may be promptly handed to some one who, on reading it, will be likely to subscribe. We are taking every legitimate method of increasing our circulation, and we respectfully solicit the cordial assistance of all our friends in extending the influence of our journal. In saying this, we are not speaking for ourselves, but for the cause.

Last week, our mailing clerk neglected to attend to this matter. Our friends will receive their extra papers this week.

That a Woman's Rights Convention is needed in Texas, we judge from the following item, clipped from the Byran (Texas) *Appeal:*

Thank God that we have never seen or heard of any Southern women perambulating the country with green spectacles and hermaphrodite apparel, preaching Woman's Rights, free love and spiritualism, as we have often seen those lantern-jawed, thin-shanked, and fork-tongued strong-minded women do, who hail from that region whereof Boston is the social centre. We feel grateful that we have never heard a Southern woman contend that the holy ordinance of marriage should be solely a time bargain, like contracts of hire and partnerships, and dissoluble by consent of parties. We all feel proud of this, and at the same time, if these green-eyed spinsters of the East want to believe there is no God, and no fixed code of morals, and to enjoy their free-loveism, and to drink hard cider on election days, they are welcome to do so.

We are at a loss to imagine where this Southern gentleman discovered these monsters, "breathing out threatenings and slaughter," of which he gives such a vivid description. We have a painful suspicion that he was imposed upon by some wag, during his Northern trip, who pretended to introduce him to the strong-minded sisterhood. Why here, at the North, good *Appeal*, the complaint of the opponents of the Woman's Rights women is that they are too good-looking, dress too well, and are too eloquent. Even Josh Billings, who long ago declared that the first time he saw a handsome woman in the procession of the strong-minded, he would "jine in," must have long since fallen into the line of march, if he is a man of his word.

When we think of the elegant and lady-like Mrs. Stanton, gentle and winsome Lucy Stone, brilliant Anna Dickinson, pretty Phœbe Cozzens and a host of other equally charming advocates of this Woman's cause. we can afford to smile at our Southern friends adjectives.

One sight and hearing of these speakers would convert our Texan friend to the belief that to be a strong-minded woman was not necessarily to be a "green-spectacled" and "forked-tongued" horror, even if he did not accept the doctrine of Woman's Suffrage. And the chances are nine out of ten, that one good convention would induce him to adopt even this new article in the political creed.

The Revolution, under Mrs. Bullard, is growing sensible, and only demands for woman what every man, who is not a brute or a fool, will concede to her—the right to earn her living by the exercise of any powers her Creator has bestowed upon her. We fear our female contemporary will now fail, as our people do not care to read sense.

We read this paragraph, which we clip from the New York *Citizen*, with mingled emotions. We felt grateful for the kindly words and generous appreciation of our brother Editor, and yet the fate he foreboded for us was a little startling.

But after the first shock, we regained our self-possession so far as to turn to the first page of the *Citizen*, where we discovered that this paper had arrived at the respectable journalistic age of six years, and, judging from external and internal evidences, is in such good condition that it ought to and doubtless will live to a venerable old age.

"There *are* people who care to read sense,"

we said to ourselves; "our contemporary's hale and hearty air proves that fact, and we are sure that no truly sensible people will be satisfied with reading *one journal* alone, even though that one may be the *Citizen*. The world needs not only masculine but feminine good sense, and if we can supply that desirable quality in ever so small a degree, by all means let us continue to print THE REVOLUTION."

So with a fresh stock of courage and a fresh stock of gratified vanity, which, between ourselves, throws perhaps just a little discredit on our boasted good sense, we resolved to go on zealously in our editorial labors, undismayed by the *Citizen's* prediction.

WHAT WOMEN ARE DOING.

NOT only is the agitation concerning the enlargement of the fields of labor and usefulness for women still going on, but women are themselves busy in endeavoring to prove their capabilities equal to their demands. There have been startling innovations upon the old order of things within the last few years, and more particularly within the last twelve months.

The experiment of years has proved the efficiency of lady physicians, and it is only the extremely conservative who still maintain a position antagonistic to them. There are several colleges in this country especially established for their benefit, and every year they graduate a number of intelligent and well-qualified ladies, who go to swell the list of physicians throughout the country. In this field, at least, it seems that there ought to be no opposition to the free entrance of women. In Philadelphia, the question of allowing women students to a share in the educational privileges of the Pennsylvania Hospital, has been again decided in the affirmative.

At the University of Vienna, Austria, the professors have resolved that all ladies holding foreign diplomas in medicine should be admitted to attend lectures and visit the hospitals. Four ladies, one a Swiss, one English, and two American, have already availed themselves of the opportunity. The latter are Mrs. Dr. Barrows, of the District of Columbia, and Dr. Mary J. Safford, of Cairo, Ill. Both of them were graduates from the Women's Medical College in New York, and both are now taking leading positions in the medical classes of Vienna, and upon equal terms, and with the same privileges, as the gentlemen there studying. There are also ten women now studying medicine in the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. Among them is Mrs. Dr. Jex Blake, who has, since visiting the Universities of the United States, written a book giving her impressions of what she saw among us.

Miss Mary Putnam, a daughter of the publisher, George P. Putnam, New York, has graduated at Paris with the certificate of *tres satisfait*, the highest ever given, and won this year by no one but her. Two gentlemen obtained the verdict *passable*—a very low mark; and the remaining student, an English lady, received that of *bien satisfait*, a high mark indeed, but inferior to that of Miss Putnam.

Ladies have been elected on the school committees in Plympton, Marshfield, and South Scituate, Mass., in Iowa, and in Vermont; while in Winterset, Iowa, they have adopted the plan of having women make addresses to the Sabbath-schools, believing that mothers and sisters know best how to interest children.

The University of Oxford admitted girls to their examinations in June of this year, subject to the same regulations as boys. We have not yet heard what was the result.

Six young ladies will be admitted into the Michigan State Agricultural College, and four have already passed their nominations.

Miss Marwedel has established a horticultural school for women on Long Island, the admission fee to which is twenty dollars a year. The instruction will be free, and the board of pupils is to be paid by work. The experiment of teaching women horticulture is being tried elsewhere we believe. A woman engaged in gardening reports that she made five hundred dollars last year by selling seeds alone.

The Missouri Legislature has a lady engrossing clerk; as has also that of Iowa. The Iowa lady clerk, Miss Spencer, has been presented with a silver tea-set, and has made a speech.

A LADY correspondent, writing to us from Mt. Vernon, Mo., thus concludes:

"Allow me to say, I do not consider the right of Suffrage the only thing to be acquired by woman, to elevate her and make her independent. Girls as well as boys should be trained to productive industry—to practical business; and the principles of integrity should be instilled into their minds in youth. My motto is: Tear down proscriptive or class bars; give all an equal chance in the great competition of life. Let honest industry, talent and tact determine who shall excel. But woman's greatest enemy, I fear, is woman; change this enemy to a friend, and your task is easy."

SUFFRAGE CONVENTIONS.—The New York State Suffrage Society will hold their annual convention at Saratoga on Thursday and Friday, July 28th and 29th, day and evening sessions. Mrs. Matilda E. J. Gage of Fayetteville, N. Y., chairman of the Executive Committee, has charge of the Convention, and with her rare executive ability, linked with indomitable will, it can but prove a great success. Hon. E. D. Culver will be one of the speakers.

The Union Woman Suffrage Society will hold a mass Convention at Niagara Falls, N. Y., on Tuesday and Wednesday (day and evening), August 3d and 4th. Grant's Hall, the largest in that delightful locality, has been secured.

We hope to announce in our next issue the speakers.

THE editor of the Mount Pleasant *Journal*, Iowa, who was chosen Secretary of the Woman's Rights Convention at that place the other day, has become a raving lunatic.

We clip the above paragraph from the Brooklyn *Eagle* of the 9th inst. We saw Mr. Frank Hatton at the Iowa State Convention in apparent good health and spirits, and cannot believe that the above is true. We sincerely hope it is an error. Mr. Hatton is one of the ablest young men of the West, gifted with a vigorous intellect and with the peculiar faculty of knowing how to edit a good paper.

THE REVOLUTION has made a mistake in reference to the first National Woman's Rights Convention held at Worcester, Mass. It was held on the 23d and 24th of October, 1850, hence the paper written by a German lady, and published Oct. 19th, 1850, preceded us by a very little. The thought sprang up in the hearts of thousands almost simultaneously. P. W. D.

A FRENCHMAN'S IDEAS ON WOMAN AND HER EDUCATION.

THE following extract from a speech made by M. Jules Ferry, a deputy from the Seine, shows the progress which the woman question is making in France so clearly that we translate it from the *Rights of Women*, a French journal, for the benefit of our readers:

There are two sorts of pride in the world—the pride of class and the pride of sex—the latter far worse, far more subtle, far more hard and cruel than the former; this masculine pride, this sentiment of superiority exists in many minds, even in some who do not avow it; it creeps into the noblest natures, and may be found entwined in the secret folds of all hearts. Let us make the confession that in the hearts of the best of us, there is something of the Sultan to be found, and this is specially true of Frenchmen. Perhaps I might not dare to say this, if the philosophers who have studied our characters, had not long since made the statement that in France there has always existed, under an appearance of the most exquisite courtesy, a secret contempt of women among men.

This is actually a peculiarity of the French character; it is a sentiment that the most civilized among us must discover in himself. It is the pride of sex. And this is the first obstacle in the way of the elevation of women.

The second is not less grave, but for this you are in fault, ladies—for this opinion which men have of their intellectual superiority you yourselves encourage and cultivate. You accept what I will not call your slavery, but using the better word of Stuart Mill, your subjection as founded upon your intellectual inferiority; for it has been so often repeated to you, and you have listened to it so long, that you have come at last to believe it. But you are wrong in this. Read Mr. Mill's able work and learn that you have the same faculties by nature as men. Some men deny this; but how do they know it? That is an assumption that surprises me.

Diderot said, "when a man writes of women, he should dip his pen in the rainbow, and shake on his paper the dust from the butterfly's wing. But this is not a precaution which men generally take before speaking of women; they have, on the contrary, an absurd way of treating this subject."

Women, you say, are this and that. But how do you know, my dear sir? To judge of them, you should understand them thoroughly. Do you know even one woman through and through? Learn that it is impossible to say of woman, a creature complex, subtle and delicate, full of change and sudden impulse, she is this or that. It is impossible to say, under the present system of education, that she will not be quite another being, when she is trained differently. In our present state of ignorance as to the real capacities of woman, we have no right to judge her.

Experience, so far as gained, goes to overthrow all French prejudices on this subject, and it is America which has furnished us with facts. M. Hippeau went to Boston, to Philadelphia, and to New York. He visited schools where young girls were pursuing the higher branches of study, schools where boys and girls, a strange phenomenon, are together under the eye of but one master, and that without unhappy moral results. This much must be said for the honor of Americans, that race which we regard

from a distance as a little savage, while in France it has been considered a great gain to suppress mixed schools, in America, woman is so respected that she may travel alone from New York to St. Louis without the risk of a single insult, while with us a mother could not venture to allow her daughter to go from the Bastile to the Madelaine with the same confidence.

In these schools of which I have spoken twelve or fifteen hundred pupils of both sexes pursue the same studies; so that there is a good opportunity for comparison. M. Hippeau has taken pains to inform himself of the results of the system. And, after careful examination of the pupils and interrogations of the teachers, he declares that it is impossible to find any difference between the aptitudes of the girls and boys for study; he admits that they are equal in intelligence; that the number of good scholars and poor ones exists in equal proportions in the two sexes; and I conclude with him, that experience proves that equality in education is not only a right of all classes but of both sexes. It is my opinion, that within these limits alone, the problem which presents itself to us to-day, of the equality of men and women, should be restrained. Let everything be done in order. Begin a reform at the commencement. People say, give to women the same rights, the same duties as to men. I say nothing about that, I know nothing about that, I content myself with claiming for them an equal chance in the world, and fair-play, and all the rest will settle itself.

American women have shown themselves well fitted for many new duties. M. Hippeau speaks of meeting a female physician in Philaphia, who was a skillful practitioner, with a large practice, and who was well paid. There are eight hundred female physicians in America, and two hundred thousand teachers, which is proof enough that when women receive an education similar to and as good as that of men, their faculties are developed, and they discover that they are fully equal to men.

I plead for this equality of the sexes less for women than for men. I know that many a woman says to herself, "but what is the use of all this study, all this knowledge."

I might reply. "For the sake of your children;" but what would be still more true I will say, "For the sake of your husbands."

The equality of education will be the entire reconstruction of the family.

There is to-day such a barrier between men and women, between husbands and wives, that many marriages apparently harmonious, hide in reality beneath this calm surface, the widest differences of opinions, of tastes and of sentiment. But these are not true marriages, for the true marriage is the union of souls. Is this marriage of souls too common? How many husbands and wives are united by affection, by ideas and by opinions. There are many households where the wedded pair agree upon externals, where they have no division of interests; but as to the secret thoughts and the sentiments which make the real life of the human being, they are as entirely unknown to each other as if they were the veriest strangers.

So much for the households of the better class. Among the poor what a happy change would education make in the home. Instead of a dreary fireside the husband would find a cheerful home, animated by conversation, refined by reading, and a life which would lift him out of the many and sorrowful realities of every-day existence. Condorcet understood this when he said, "education would make of the wife of the laboring man not only the guardian of his home but the guardian of society."

For it must be understood and accepted that this problem of the education of woman is closely interwoven with the problem of the existence of our present society.

There is now a deadly though silent struggle between the society of the past, the ancient regime with its regrets, its beliefs, its institutions, which rebels against modern democracy, and the society which has sprung from the French revolution.

We have among us this spirit, active and presistent in a conflict which aims at the overthrow of modern ideas, and when this struggle ceases, the political struggle will be ended by the same blow.

Now in this combat women cannot remain neutral; the optimists who do no wish to see things as they are, may imagine that her part is but a small one, that she will not enter the battle-field, but they do not perceive the secret and powerful support which she gives to the ancient social ideas which are passing away, and which we wish to banish forever from our new order.

This was the conviction of a recent statesman for whom I am glad to say a few words of praise, now that he has fallen from his place, having said a good many of censure while he held his position. When M. Durny wished to establish secular schools for women, do you remember the clamor of the clergy, do you recal the opposition which put an end to his attempt? Let this affair teach us a lesson.

The clergy well know that he who controls the woman controls everything, because through her he holds first the children, next the husband, and lastly the family and all society.

This is why the church holds woman in so close a grasp—and it is for this reason that democracy should tear her away.

Democracy must do this under pain of death. The choice must be made, my fellow-citizens, between progress and retrogression, between democracy and aristocracy, and to this end it must be decided whether woman shall belong to science or be yielded to the church.

A MEETING of the New York City Suffrage Society was held on Friday, July 8th, at their rooms, 31 Union Square, Broadway, corner of 16th street. Owing to the absence of the President, Mrs. Blake took the chair. After the reading of an essay or talk by one of the members, and more talk by others, the subject of the Chinese was continued. Most of the ladies seemed in awe of the celestials. The President said: "The thought is exasperating that a handful of ignorant, infidel barbarians should have precedence of millions of intelligent Christian women who had waited so long and patiently for justice in vain." Then followed the election of delegates to the Saratoga Convention, viz., Mrs. Wilbour, Mrs. Blake, Mrs. Tucker, and Miss Smith, after which the meeting adjourned.

WOMAN ADVERTISING AGENCY.—An Advertising Agency has just been started in this city by three women. The name of the firm is Volkmann, Smith & Co., and the individual members of the firm are Miss Meta Volkmann, an enterprising young German lady, Miss Sue Smith, the distinguished Virginia lady who has so recently come among us, and Mrs. Matilda Wendt, the clever editor of the *Neue Zeidt*. The copartnership is regularly formed on business principles, with an office at No. 5 Frankfort st. The members are all resolute to win success, and they have our best wishes in their new enterprise.

NETTA, THE "WHITE SLAVE."

AT the Festival at Lion Park on July Fourth, we had the pleasure of an interview with the noble girl who has come forth recently in defence of her sisters who labor in the Dry Goods stores. Netta is a young, modest, intelligent woman, who has seen in real life and in her own family harrowing examples of suffering from the tyranny which she exposes and denounces. She appears fully alive to the importance of the cause which she has espoused. Her expression gives evidence of the firmness of her will, and the purity of her motives. In every movement of the slight, graceful figure, the depth and earnestness of her nature is shown.

She had been announced to speak at the Festival, but it was decided that the time and place were not altogether suited for the delivery of an effective speech. But after the greater portion of the crowd had left the hotel and grounds, a small party of the Association were introduced to this ardent friend of her sex, and Netta made a few remarks. The speech she had prepared for the occasion has been already reported in one of our daily journals.

Netta's name is not yet to be made public, and we are greatly indebted to the courteous managers of the Clerks Association for an introduction and half hour's chat with the young lady, and the delightful refreshment which we enjoyed so sociably, in company with Mr. Swenzel, President of the Association, and other prominent officers and members. It is encouraging to feel assured from personal intercourse with those gentlemen, and Netta, how deeply they are interested in the improvement of the condition of the large class of women now gaining their support by laboring in the dry goods stores. Netta tells some touching cases of disease and death caused by unwholesome and tyrannical regulations in these stores, and, according to her belief, the women who superintend the sales girls are in many instances the cause of their greatest distress. How far these women are to blame for permitting themselves to be the tools of the proprietors is another question.

THE Iowa Senate has removed from the statute book of the State the law that prevented a mother from inheriting the property of a deceased child on the same terms with the father. It has also passed a bill striking out from that section of the code which describes the personal qualifications of those who may be admitted to the bar the words "white" and "male."

IN Michigan, a judge in a divorce suit decided that the property acquired by the combined efforts of a married couple, belonged equally to the wife with the husband, and made a division of property in accordance with this decision.

ERRATA.—In the letter from Providence in our issue of June 30, it is said "we sent in a petition to the Common School," it should have read Common *Council*.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN JACKSON CITY, MICHIGAN.

MEETING OF THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION FOR THE COUNTY OF JACKSON—CONSTITUTION ADOPTED—LIST OF PERMANENT OFFICERS—RESOLUTIONS, AND SPEECHES BY MRS. SPAULDING AND MISS LILLIE PECKHAM.

In accordance with previous notice a convention was recently held at Union Hall for the purpose of organizing a County Woman Suffrage Association. The attendance in the morning and afternoon was quite slim, there being only about a hundred present. The members of the convention seemed to be thoroughly aroused, and determined to put forth all their exertions to bring about the desired end.

Morning Session.—In the morning nothing more was done than to effect a temporary organization.

Hon. Eugene Pringle was elected temporary chairman and Mrs. Dr. C. C. Lathrop temporary secretary.

It was moved and carried that a committee of three on credentials and permanent organization be appointed, and that C. L. Case be elected chairman.

The chair appointed Judge Livermore and Mrs. Connable on the committee.

Considerable discussion took place in regard to appointing committees on resolutions and constitution and by-laws, but finally such a conclusion was arrived at, and Dr. Hauxhurst, Mr. Thorne and Mr. C. C. Lathrop appointed on the former, and Mrs. C. L. Case, Dr. Hauxhurst and Rev. Mr. Ellison the latter.

Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, and Miss Lillie Peckham, of Milwaukee, were called on, and made interesting speeches, after which the Convention adjourned till the afternoon.

Afternoon Session.—Although the hour for the assembling of the convention in the afternoon had been set at 2 o'clock, at the the time appointed, there being none of the committee prepared to report, the Committee was not called till nearly an hour later, when Mrs. Case, from the Committee on Organization, reported the following permanent officers for *this* Convention:

President—Hon. Fidus Livermore, Jackson.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Davis, Napoleon; Mrs. Cole, Rivers.

Secretary—Mrs. Lathrop, Jackson.

Mr. Pringle introduced to the Convention the President elect. Mr. Livermore, on taking the chair, said that it seemed befitting in him to state the object of the calling of the convention. It was to establish an organized system to obtain for women an equal footing with man—to establish a Woman Suffrage Association for the county of Jackson. The rights of women could only be obtained by organized movement. He often found women who said that they knew nothing of the subject, and consequently didn't know whether they wanted the franchise or not. The only way to accomplish anything was by organization, and here in Jackson, the centre of Michigan, they hoped to inaugurate a movement that would culminate in the adoption of the Sixteenth Amendment.

The Committee on resolutions not being prepared to report, Mr. Giles B. Stebbins, of Detroit, was invited to address the Convention.

At the close of Mr. Stebbins's speech, Mrs. Case, from the Committee on Constitution and By-laws, reported a constitution, which, after being amended, was adopted.

A committee of three on permanent organization was appointed, consisting of Mrs. C. L. Case, Mrs. Connoble, and Mr. Seaton.

Mrs. Brundage was requested to take the names of all those present who desired to become members of the Association.

The President announced the speakers for the evening, and Mrs. Cass said that owing to family matters it would be impossible for Miss Anthony to be here.

The committee reported the following as the permanent officers of the Association, after which the Convention adjourned till 8 o'clock in the evening:

President—Hon. Fidus Livermore.

Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Ellis, Liberty; Mrs. Thorne, Hanover; Mrs. Davis, Napoleon; Prof. Thorp, Parma; Mrs. Cole, Rives; John Landon, Springport; Mrs. Brown, Leoni; James L. Videto, Spring Arbor; Libbie Allen, Pleasant Lake; Mrs. Mary Draper, Summit; Dr. D. Bingham, Grass Lake; Mrs. Hodge, Concord; Mrs. Joshua Clark, Columbia; Mrs. Russel Hungerford, Pulaski; Mrs. Henry Olcott, Sandstone.

Recording Secretary—Mrs. Gallup, Napoleon.

Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. C. L. Cass, Jackson.

Treasurer—Dr. J. A. Robinson, Jackson.

Executive Committee—Mrs. M. Dorrell and Mr. Seaton, Jackson; Mrs. Georgia Ford, Leoni; Mrs. Root, Rives; Mrs. Brundage, Jackson; Mrs. Perrine, Spring Arbor; Mrs. E. J. Connoble, Mrs. Eugene Pringle, Mrs. Dr. C. C. Lathrop, Jackson; Miss Emma Scott, Summit; Mr. Sullivan, Leoni.

Evening Session.—The evening session was given up entirely to speaking, and the audience had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Spaulding, of Sturgis, and Miss Peckham, of Milwaukee. Mrs. Hazlett was expected to be present, but owing to sickness in her family, was obliged at the last moment to decline coming. The audience was much larger than in the morning or afternoon, and contained a larger proportion of gentlemen than it had during the business session.

Mrs. Spaulding was introduced, who, after a brief peroration, discussed at some length the woman question as pertaining to the three great ideas of humanity, viz: A perfect family, a perfect church and a perfect government. She claimed that woman had been left out of the question in considering and endeavoring to consummate these ideas. In the family, woman was looked upon as a menial, and not acknowledged as an equal, capable of exercising judgment; in the church and the state she was needed to purify and ennoble them. Her pure and moral nature made her a fitting instrument for the spread of the gospel, and politics needed her refining influence to purge them of the corruption and vice with which they were tainted.

Miss Peckham delivered a very pleasing speech in regard to woman, work and wages, as connected with the ballot. Our readers will remember that Miss Anthony spoke on the same subject a month or so ago here. Miss Peckham treated the subject in a broader sense, and, we think, in a manner much more convincing and argumentative than Miss Anthony. She is a very pleasing speaker, and in fact, one of the finest we have had the pleasure of listening to in some time. Her pronunciation was *perfect* (a consummation devoutly to be wished for, in this day of provincialisms), her manner of delivery easy, and her arguments logical and conclusive. It would be impossible to do justice to Miss Peckham's address, except by publishing it in full. Suffice it to say, she argued that the condition of working women was ameliorated by the ballot being given them, as their wages would be raised. This she claimed would be the case, for it was universally acknowledged that the ballot was worth a large increase on each day's wages to a man, and consequently it would be to a woman. The ballot would aid in opening new fields of employment to women, and the greater variety of vocations they could pursue, the higher would be their wages.

Prof. Allman writes from Naples to the Botanical Society of Edinburgh: "I paid a visit the other day to Mrs. Mary Somerville, on her ninetieth birthday. She is a charming old lady; all her senses, with the exception of a slight failing in the power of hearing, are still perfect; she can thread her needle without using spectacles, and is in full intellectual vigor, as you may readily imagine from the fact that she is busily engaged upon a second edition of her recently published work on Microscopic and Molecular Science."

Our American Prime Donne win golden opinions abroad. Mlle. Vanzini (Mrs. Jennie Van Zandt) is one of the most popular of the many sweet singers we have sent to Europe. The Queen of Denmark, mother of the Princess of Wales, gave her a handsome bracelet, when she sang in Copenhagen, and she has other substantial marks of esteem and admiration from the many friends she has made in the various countries she has visited.

Letters from Friends.

Lewiston, Me., July 7th, 1870.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

It may not be known to The Revolution that this Maine City of Spindles is so far in advance of the rest of New England, as to inclose within its limits a College, which admits women to the same course of study, ranks them the same, and graduates them with all the honors of their male class-mates. The Institution—Bates's College—is yet young, having just concluded the exercises of its fourth Commencement, but it is taking a high rank in the state. Its graduates have been successful in the various professions and vocations of life. Its career has been marked by a wonderful freedom from the disgraceful "hazings," so common in many other colleges.

As yet, only one young lady—Miss Mary W. Mitchell, of Maine—has taken the course of studies prescribed. She graduated in the class of '69 with as good a record as did her male comrades. Miss H. E. Haley, of New Hampshire, has just completed the Freshman year, and others have signified their intention of entering. This is the only college in New England where men and women stand on the same plane. It is true, but few women have yet seen fit to avail themselves of the privileges offered them, but the doors are open, and the prospect is good for the future. It is the entering wedge that will, eventually, cleave a way to ungrudged entrance to Collegiate education anywhere, to any woman properly qualified. The women of New England would render a graceful acknowledgment of their thanks in a well-endowed professorship.

S.

Household.

ABOUT CHILDREN.

The care of children naturally induces anxiety on the score of health, and brings into play the nicest discrimination and most complete prudence on the part of the mothers. Sulkiness, passionate behavior, and other disagreeablenesses, are sometimes regarded as indications of physical, instead (as they truly are) of moral disease, and are treated accordingly; the petting and the dainties injure both the child's stomach and manners. Instead of watching with such solicitude the outward appearances of children, it would be far more profitable to look upon the inner man, and correct temper and habits before they acquire full growth.

With respect to family arrangements, we quote an apt clause, which says: "Regularity in every habit is a mode by which health may be promoted." This is proved by the daily circumstances of life. Take, for instance, a young girl who has been accustomed to stated hours for rest; drawn into the whirlpool of dissipation, she is deprived of this habit, and the result is soon seen in pallid cheeks, a wearied frame and unequal spirits.

"With children, the habit of going to bed soon, and of rising early, should be *enforced*." Another good rule is, to allow them to remain in bed until the room becomes properly heated. Otherwise their bodies become thoroughly chilled, and this induces a degree of peevishness, trying to the mother and nurse, and which a little forethought would have remedied.

A proper, judicious mode of washing a child is another form of promoting health. The little ones should be daily bathed (if it agrees with their general condition of health) in a plentiful supply of water, and then be briskly and *completely dried*. Friction promotes a healthful circulation of blood, and aids the growth of an infant.

Stomach complaints are so prevalent in this country, that every effort should be made to promote a strong and healthful condition of the digestive organs, and it is, therefore, expedient to commence with the earliest period of life. Irregularity in hours of eating is a fruitful source of disease. "Children's meals should be at equal intervals from each other; and they should not be allowed to have anything between their meals." If fresh food is partaken before the previous contents of the stomach are well digested, the food last eaten is said to pass off half digested, and the blood derives no strength from it.

Whatever food is given to children, should be good of its kind, and well prepared; the meat should be *tender*, and be simply boiled or roasted. Potatoes should be well boiled, and be as mealy as possible. Rice and plain puddings may be given them, but rich desserts should be avoided. In the training of children, one great mistake is sometimes made—it is, that children are taught to regard appetite as a source of reward. Cakes and candies are given as inducements for good behavior, studiousness, etc., and thus the mind is not only unhealthily trained, but gluttony is also promoted and the digestion is ruined.

Besides regularity in habits of life, proper nutriment and cleanliness, good humor is also a promoter of health. An *habitual* state of gloom maintained among the members of a family, or disagreeable influences of any kind, will soon affect children, and aid in producing a morbid condition of mind which proves injurious physically, as well as mentally. In certain stages of childhood, the mind receives impressions which prove lasting, and which, in after years, will tell for good or evil. Surround children, then, with whatever will help to give a healthy tone to the disposition, and create around them, as far as lies in human power, an atmosphere of love and joy, so that when the darker shades of experience deepen, some sunny gleams from early years may break in and illume the picture.

Large, well-ventilated rooms "promote health and cheerfulness." Sleeping apartments may not always be spacious, but they can always be made thoroughly clean, and be allowed the entrance of pure, fresh air, when the weather is dry and clear. Much dampness should always be avoided. The windows in bed-rooms should be invariably let down from the top a short distance, otherwise the noxious vapors exhumed from the body find no outlet, and are absorbed by respiration, poisoning the whole system.—*Arthur's Magazine.*

LITERARY.

MAGAZINES.

The *Old and New* for July, contains among many other interesting articles one upon Italian Authoresses, from which we make the following extract:

"For every hundred male writers there are perhaps fifteen female writers. But of those hundred male writers, probably not more than ten possess any real merit; whilst five at least out of the fifteen female authors are admitted to be good. As writers of novels, their influence over their sisters and the youth of Italy, is far better with a few exception than their brother novelists."

There are several poems scattered through the number, none of which are remarkable for either merit or originality.

The *Golden Rule*, edited and published by Martha B. Dickinson, Olean, N. Y., is devoted to Temperance, and whatever things are good and lovely. The June number, the last received, is up to its usual standard, which is one of high moral excellence.

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